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Rev Edward Payson Shuring

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A MEMORIAL  
OF  
THOMAS THWING,

THIRTY YEARS CITY MISSIONARY IN BOSTON.

BY HIS SON.

*Edward Payson Thwing.*

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BOSTON:  
LEE AND SHEPARD.  
1868.

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Rev. A. A. Phelps

( )

#### TO THE READER.

This simple, ungarnished narrative of the life of a veteran Missionary, is little more than a transcript of portions of his daily journal, and therefore is really an autobiography. It is printed mainly for personal friends and those among whom he labored, to whom his name is still a pleasant household word. It is believed, however, that the volume will possess an interest to all readers who appreciate the power and the beauty of a consecrated life.



## EARLY LIFE.

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THOMAS THWING, the second son of Nicholas and Lydia Thwing, was born at Newton, Mass., February 21, 1792. The old homestead still stands near the junction of Homer and Chestnut streets, West Newton. Thomas was one of eleven children, and spent his early boyhood at home. His father was a revolutionary pensioner, and engaged in farming pursuits. He was an irreligious man, but his wife was a follower of Christ, and in the language of a surviving son, was "one of the best of women; a quiet, patient, indulgent, and affectionate mother. She always manifested a lovely and submissive Christian spirit. I think of her now with intense love and gratitude." With his mother Thomas was rather a favorite, though there were occasional collisions. The strength of will which was always his prevailing characteristic, showed itself very early in life.

When about three years old, an incident occurred which he was wont to regard as marking one of the great crises of his life. He was told to rock the cradle of his infant brother Joseph, but refused to obey. His parents believed in that treatment of the case indicated in Scriptural therapeutics, namely, "laying on of hands." After two applications of Solomon's specific by the hands of the father, the indulgent mother interceded in behalf of the still rebellious child, saying that she would rock the cradle her-

self. Thomas inferred from this injudicious interference, that he had secured a sympathizer with him in his resistance to paternal authority, and so took occasion shortly afterwards to refer to the matter. Going to his mother, in very sorrowful tones he made mention of the smart, but was surprised by the curt reply, "You ought to have minded your father!" The little fellow was greatly disappointed. Full of shame he crossed the room, sat down in a corner, laying his head in a chair, covered his face, and gave himself up to emotions which were wholly new and not altogether pleasant. He had now found out that even his gentle mother would not encourage his rebellion, but that the only safe and comfortable path for him was that of prompt and uniform obedience.

Thomas attended school but a small part of each year, nor was his school attractive to him for even that brief season. Yet there was something about him even in boyhood, which induced some of his friends to call him "the little minister." At the age of nine years, he went, at their special request, to reside with his grandparents. With them, not far from the old homestead, he passed six years. After visiting the locality late in life, he made the following entry in his journal, which contains several interesting reminiscences of the place.

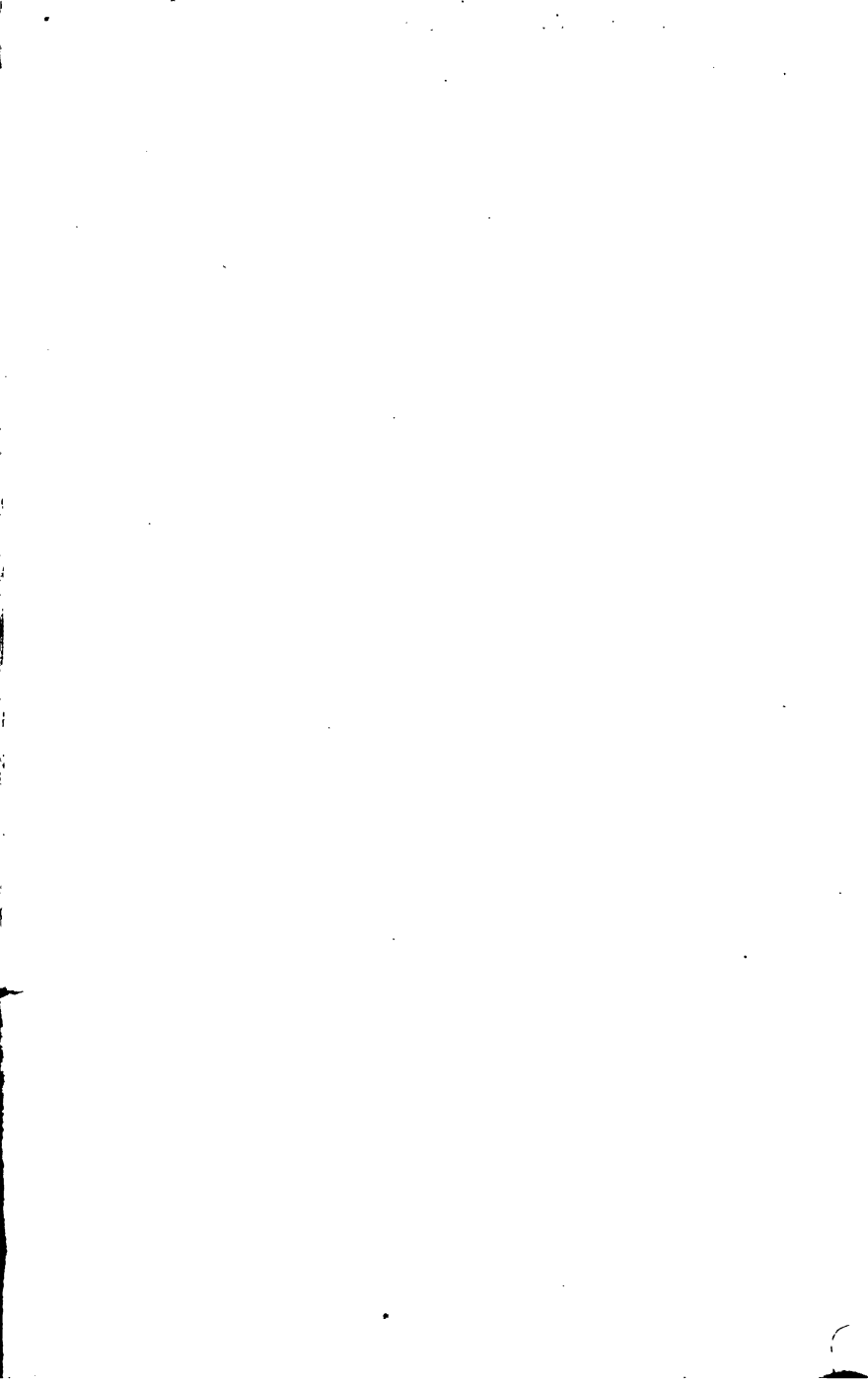
"On passing that spot my emotions were indescribable. A rush of incidents which occurred more than half a century before, came up as fresh as things of yesterday. Here was the corner of the garden where I was hoeing squashes when the great eclipse in 1806 took place, and there the door yard where a pail of water was placed to help see that strange event. There was the lane through

which I drove the cows to pasture, and the field through which I rode the plow-horse soon after my coming hither, when I was so homesick I could hardly sit on the horse; and there the bush I once passed in the night and imagined it to be a man, when I whistled to show my courage till quite past it, and then ran for dear life! The old cider mill was gone, and the barn where Uncle J., when a child, made a patriotic speech at the opening of the Revolution, defying the armies of the 'Soders and Redlers,' (Soldiers and Regulars,) yes, and the old buttonwood tree. We rode on, and soon passed the spot where once stood the only school-house that I ever entered for school instruction. Further on was the parsonage, and near by, the site of the old meeting-house where I was baptized, and where we children used to meet the minister, once in three months, to say the Catechism. Beyond, was a place by the road-side where I lost, or rather hid, my spelling-book, because I did not wish to go to school. At length we came to the house where I first saw the light, and while looking at that spot, I could say with the poet:

'Here a child I sinned and strayed,  
Here the Saviour disobeyed.'

"My grandparents gave me religious culture by precept and example. Other members of the household were devotedly pious. On one occasion, I went to a chamber on an errand, and on opening the door, saw my aunt upon her knees, at prayer; which made a deep and permanent impression upon me. For her, I ever cherished special regard. She was spared to her ninetieth year. When I was about thirteen I bought a Bible, the first I ever owned,







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he was impressed by its striking fitness to his case, and retiring to his chamber poured out his soul in prayer with a strange, sweet fervor of love which was indescribable. He could not sleep, for God seemed so precious and so near. The next day he was surprised that he felt no burden. But his repugnance to sin, and his delight in the character and government of God, led him to believe that he had passed from death unto life.

May 28, 1815, he united with the Congregational Church, West Brookfield. He writes : —

“ After uniting with the church, I felt that I was not my own, and that it was my delight to be doing something for my Lord and Master. Besides conversing with those about me, I soon begun a weekly prayer-meeting which was continued for a long time in the midst of much opposition. Even the aged pastor, whom I consulted before making the appointment, expressed doubts as to the propriety of bringing the sexes together in the night-time. He hoped, however, that, with proper care, the prayer-meetings would not do any harm ! \* Much of the time I had present only an elderly man, an apprentice boy, and a widow with her three daughters. Three of these young persons were converted not long after.

“ Next to the Bible, there was no book I was more delighted in than the ‘ Memoir of Harriet Newell.’ This and a tract by Dr. Jonathan Edwards, on United Prayer for a Revival of Religion, with accounts of concerts of prayer in

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\* These objections urged against “ the sexes meeting in the night-time ” for *prayer*, did not hinder some Christians from meeting in the night for *dancing* ; as under another date Mr. T. expresses grief in learning that members of this same church had sought amusement in the ball-room.



Scotland, led me to ask, Why cannot we have such meetings here? I secured the co-operation of Deacon J. Carey and of Daniel Chamberlain, who afterward went with the first missionaries to the Sandwich Islands. On the first Monday in December 1815, we held our first monthly concert of prayer for the conversion of the world. This was seven months before the monthly concert was established at Park Street, Boston. A meeting at Northampton was also commenced at the same time as that at Brookfield."

At about this time, Mr. Thwing formed the acquaintance of Miss Grace Welch Barnes, with whom a kind Providence had ordered that he should enjoy nearly a half-century of conjugal happiness.

"*October 15.* What poor returns I make to Him from whom all comforts flow. Perhaps my mind is too much fixed on one who, like myself, is *mortal*."

"*November 3.* I have attended my much loved friend to P. on a visit to her sisters, where I have enjoyed the sweetest influences of the Divine Spirit on my mind that I have ever felt. While I have attempted to water others, thou, my God, hast abundantly refreshed my soul. I have been permitted not only to pray for, but with her whom I love. Should it please a merciful God to unite us, my happiness would, I think, be nearly complete."

"*December 14.* The pleasing intelligence has just been received, that the monthly concert of prayer was attended at Northampton for the first time on the first Monday of the present month, the same time that it was commenced here."

During the following year, 1816, several tender and earnest letters to his unconverted father, and other mem-

bers of the family, are copied into the journal, which breathe a fervent love towards them and towards Jesus. Full and frequent expressions of yearnings after holiness also indicate the current of his thoughts.

On Tuesday, March 4, 1817, Mr. Thwing was united in marriage, by Rev. Eliakim Phelps, with Miss Barnes, in whom he found a helper in religious duties as well as a partner in domestic cares. An interesting picture of his personal appearance at this time, is given by his only surviving brother. "When a lad of about ten summers, I was living at the widow White's, in Brighton, when he, with his new bride, drove up in a chaise to the fence, and presented her without her getting out." A few years before this, "he came home on horseback, and perfectly bewildered my infant eyes by the splendor of his apparel, — tight pantaloons inside a pair of fashionable wrinkle-down boots, with a black tassel, almost big enough for window-curtain use, hanging from the top of the boot, bobbing about under each knee, and the rest of the toilet to match. A little later, he spent the night at home, and slept with me. His father refused to let him pray with the family, and when mother came to light him to bed, I remember his remarking, in view of father's refusal, 'that he felt as if he were going to bed without his supper!'"

"*July 13, 1817.*—This morning, I attempted to establish a Sunday school in my own house. What the issue will be, God only knows. Suffice it for me to know that it is my duty. Although I may be left entirely alone, I must go forward, trusting in God, nor doubt of final success. I took care of the boys in one room, while my wife's sister [Miss Mary Hurd Barnes, a lady of eminent piety and per-

sonal worth, who was, till her death, April 1847, closely identified with the social and religious interests of the place,] and a day-school teacher, boarding in my family, had charge of the girls in another room.

"*July 20.* — Had a delightful season with my school. How pleasing to see a little group of young and tender minds waiting to be fed with heavenly food! Long have I wished to have something done for them, and now there is a pleasing prospect of my desires being gratified."

Further on in his journal, Mr. Thwing expresses regret that his education was not sufficient to allow of his entering the ministry, and says that he "could leap for joy to be so highly honored." He was content, however, to labor in a humbler sphere with cheerfulness and courage. In reference to his new enterprise, the narrative continues:

"The numbers increased so much that I procured for the boys an unoccupied shop on the other side of the Common, while the girls were accommodated in the school-house. When the church bell announced the hour of public worship, the classes were arranged in procession, and followed their teachers to the house of God, — being a gazing stock to the gaping crowd about the door. Some sneered, some wondered what it could mean, and some gave a look of approval.

"In about two months after I began the Sunday school, it was found that there were several cases of special interest and deep conviction in the parish. The great enemy was aroused, and stirred up the people. I felt it to be a privilege to repair to the throne of grace, where I found strength equal to my day. In December 1817, I was told that more than fifty persons in the parish, some belonging

to the church, had agreed that unless the pastor would put a stop to prayer meetings, they would withhold from him their support. However, instead of stopping the meetings, a new appointment was made for Sabbath evenings in the hall of a public house, and continued some months. The following spring, the ways of Zion mourned, and iniquity grew bold. Myself and a few others spent many hours in the grave-yard under the branches of a tree, where we poured out the earnest yearnings of our souls unto God for the salvation of dying men. Our little Wednesday evening meeting had been continued at the school-house, but in July was removed to a private house. At that time, the conversion of a simple-minded youth in a distant part of the parish produced a wonderful effect. The meetings suddenly filled up. The house where the Wednesday night meeting was to be held could not contain the multitude. A large yard was filled, and many others stood outside the gate. During the meeting, a young woman, sitting at her chamber window on the other side of the street, heard the singing and praying. When the appointment was made she set her heart on going to the meeting, but her father, a member of the church, peremptorily forbade her attendance. She took her Bible and sat by the window, where the Spirit of God found an entrance to her heart. In a few days she was rejoicing.

“When I heard of it I could hardly believe it was true. I therefore took a tract, containing some advice appropriate to her case, one sentence, which I marked with a pencil, was as follows: ‘If your religion is genuine, it will bear examination; but if it is not, what can friendship do more friendly than to help you to see it in season?’ I

carried it to church on Sabbath morning, intending to give it to her, but she was not there. I sent it, however, by an older sister, who was a gay, fashionable lady, and had indulged strong prejudice against me on account of religion. She read the tract, and noticed the marked passage, which removed her prejudice. She was deeply convicted, and in two weeks was rejoicing in hope. She still lives, an ornament to religion, while her sister, I have no doubt, has gone to heaven.

“During July, Rev. Mr. Wheelock, a deformed man with but one hand and one foot, came to town to have a wooden leg made. He had been somewhat noted as a revivalist, and was invited to preach. Within a fortnight six young lads called on me one evening to ask what they must do to be saved. An inquiry meeting was appointed at the pastor’s house. Before the close of September there were forty converts. Fifty-two were received to the church in December, and thirty in April following. Truly this is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.”

It was during this year that the Sabbath school enterprise in which he had been engaged received a “Church’s Welcome.” Mr. T. writes under date May 3, 1818: “My long and anxious desires are unexpectedly, in part, gratified. Mr. Phelps has this day from the pulpit supported the cause of Sabbath school instruction, and proposed to open the school again in this place. O glorious cause! Well worthy the attention of the nobles of the earth.”

In October 1819, Mr. Thwing offered himself to the American Board, to be employed, if thought best, in the work of Foreign Missions, being at that time twenty-seven years of age. His longing desires to be thus engaged are

recorded at length in his journal, and also repeated references to his missionary friends who had gone to the Sandwich Islands. Rev. Drs. Snell and Fiske united with his pastor, Mr. Phelps, in cordially commending him to the Prudential Committee. The latter wrote to Secretary Worcester,—

“He is a steady, industrious man; by occupation a cabinet-maker, and a good workman. He is free from debt, and has some property. He has uniformly manifested an ardent attachment to the cause of religion, is ready and capable in public religious exercises, and possesses respectable qualifications for a catechist. He is a man of ardent feelings, though not hasty. He appears to possess a good degree of firmness and perseverance. He has more than ordinary taste for reading; is orthodox in his religious sentiments, and appears to be actuated by a desire to do good. His business is good and his worldly prospects promising, and there is no reason that I know of to suspect the purity of his motives in offering his services to the cause of missions.”

His very intimate friend, Dea. Josiah Cary, also wrote to Dr. Worcester,—

“I believe that he will be a very zealous laborer for the cause of Christ among the heathen. As a mechanic he is an excellent workman; as a Christian he is always doing good in his humble sphere, and as a friend, I, for one, have always found him faithful. I should esteem it a great loss to this place, as well as to myself, to part with him.”

A few weeks after the above was written, we read in his journal, under date of March 19, 1820, “Yes, I have been accepted by the Board as a laborer in the cause of missions. O, may I and my family be prepared for all that is preparing for us, and be enabled to perform the work assigned.

"June 4. My long expected departure to the missionary field appears to be still farther off. The low state of my wife's health renders it extremely doubtful whether she will ever engage in missionary labor." Mrs. Thwing lay for months on the borders of the grave, prostrated by a severe fever. Reluctantly was the cherished plan finally abandoned, and thus were they prevented from entering upon one work that their energies might afterwards be given to another co-ordinate department of the same great cause.

The experience he had gained at Brookfield was invaluable, and the measures of success granted him were large, especially in his Sunday school labors.

One of Mr. Thwing's pupils was a poor cripple and a pauper. He became a Christian, and was specially active in visits of consolation among the afflicted. Another of his scholars, after his conversion, was aided by the church in securing an education, and became a clergyman in Connecticut. Two more pupils were natives of the Sandwich Islands, of heathen birth, knowing not a letter of the English alphabet when they arrived in Boston, October 1819. In three weeks after they entered this Sabbath school, the following spring, one of them recited to his teacher one hundred and fifty-three verses from Matthew's gospel. Both became Christians; one joining the church at Brookfield, and the other at Cornwall, Connecticut, whither both went to attend the mission school. Another member of the school, first gathered at Mr. Thwing's residence, became the wife of a foreign missionary, and labored with him at Rangoon, Birman Empire. From

these small beginnings, the Sabbath school thus begun in prayer and faith, became in after years a fruitful nursery of the church. One hundred and fourteen members of the school were received, on profession of their faith, during the first eleven years of its existence.



## RESIDENCE IN WARE.

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THE village of Ware lies in a pleasant valley westerly from Brookfield, between Warren and Belchertown. To this place Mr. Thwing removed in April 1824. He writes as follows :—

“There was no church-going bell to check the tide of worldly feeling, nor any stated preaching of the gospel in the place. The nearest church was at such a distance that I did not often go. I began to feel that something must be done for the spiritual good of the people in the village. Early in 1825, arrangements were made by individuals of different denominations to procure preaching of all sorts. When an evangelical minister came, I usually heard him. Not satisfied to live in this way, I canvassed the village, and took the number and names of all professors of religion of every denomination. A committee of three was appointed to supply,—one Baptist, one Unitarian, and myself, Congregationalist. While Mr. Parsons Cooke was preaching as a supply, a meeting was held, March 2, 1826, at my request and at my house, in reference to the formation of a church. At an adjourned meeting, the Covenant and Articles of Faith were adopted ; and, April 12th, the church was organized with twenty-four members. I was chosen clerk, and also with two others, •June 8th, solemnly set apart by prayer to perform the

duties of deacon. June 21st, Mr. Cooke was ordained and installed pastor of the new church, the services being held in the factory. The same day the corner-stone of the first house of worship was laid. A few weeks after, a revival began which bore precious fruits. About two hundred were added to the church by profession and eighty by letter, within the space of a little more than five years. The Sabbath school, which was gathered May 1828, included a large part of the factory operatives. I had a class of eleven young ladies, but one of whom was a Christian; at the close of the season, but one remained without a hope in Christ. When there was no third service on the Sabbath, I invited my class to meet at my house. A friend of one of the class came one evening, just after I had begun reading a sermon from the 'National Preacher.' She was not a member of the school. I recommenced the sermon. The text was sermon enough for her—'The wicked shall be turned into hell.' She was deeply convicted, and before the next Sabbath she was rejoicing in hope, and joined my class.

"One of the most prominent agencies in arresting attention and in helping on the cause of truth, was the circulation of religious tracts. In May, 1827, I began a list of subscribers as an auxiliary to the American Tract Society; kept a depository at my place of business for the sale of their publications, and arranged a plan of monthly tract distribution throughout the village, having charge of the whole work while I remained in Ware. It seemed to be a part of the work for which God guided me to that place.

"At an interview with Rev. Dr. Griffin, some months after my removal to Ware, he said: 'The Lord pre-

vented you from going to the heathen, and has sent you here. *This* is missionary ground. Now let it be seen what you are willing to do for his cause.'

"As I was once passing a large stable between my shop and house, a group of idle fellows had gathered about the entrance, talking quite busily. After I had passed, some one called out 'Missionary!' It awakened a sensation I cannot describe, only my thought was, I wish I *were* a Missionary. In the autumn of 1834 and winter of 1835, meetings before sunrise were held at my house, which were seasons of precious interest. The pastor, April, '35, was called to Lynn after a ministry in Ware of nearly nine years, during which time three hundred and fifty had been admitted to the church, which had become the strongest in Brookfield association. It contributed the most to the cause of Christian benevolence. The people were an enterprising, business class, and trained to Christian duty under a sound, thorough system of gospel doctrine."

Mr. Thwing, aside from his daily business, with several workmen in his employ, and the different religious enterprises in which he was a leader, found leisure for study and reading. The natural sciences were his delight. Among his papers is a lecture on Optics, which he delivered to the people of Ware, illustrated with apparatus of his own construction. He warmly espoused the temperance reform, and with the thoroughness with which he did everything else, pledged himself to total abstinence from strong drink and tobacco. Though very fond of the latter poison, he justly regarded it and rum as twin evils to which, as soon as his conscience was awakened, he "gave place by subjection, no, not for an hour!" With others

in the village he was, for a time, interested in Free Masonry, and rose through several degrees to the position of "Right Worshipful Master." He carried, however, with him into this, as into all his relations, uncompromising religious convictions, which commanded the respect even of those who could not relish his views. The following address, delivered at Ware, September 6, 1827, before he withdrew from active connection with the order, abounds in common sense and piety, and is inserted here, entire.

WARDENS AND BRETHREN OF EDEN LODGE:

I meet you here under circumstances of peculiar interest. Having received your suffrages at two successive elections, I would here gratefully acknowledge my obligations for these expressions of your confidence. And being about to retire from office, it may be expected that I shall give you a parting address.

I had early cherished a favorable opinion of Masonry, but had never found a convenient opportunity to solicit a share in its privileges until you received your Charter. Soon after that time I made application and was admitted.

Feeling, as it is common for me to do, that any object that is worth attending to, should receive earnest attention, I immediately sought a favorable opportunity to qualify myself to be useful. And, although it was attended with no small degree of personal sacrifice, I shall never regret it if thereby I have been made useful to my brethren. That cause which is built upon so firm a foundation as the sacred Scriptures cannot be easily destroyed; the danger lies in departing from the Rule and Guide of our Faith; therefore it becomes us often to examine ourselves by *that* standard, because it is the rule by which we shall be examined in the Great Day, when the workmen will all be assembled to give an account to the Grand Warden of Heaven. Here it may be proper for us to pause a moment and consider what that sacred volume requires of us.

He whom we are taught to consider an eminent patron of

Masonry, came preaching that men should *repent*, and that "*God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.*" Now, my brethren, have we all repented? If so we shall bring forth the fruits thereof.

Another thing required is *faith*; "without faith it is impossible to please God." And yet the Bible tells that "all men have not faith." Brethren, have we that faith which works by love, and purifies the heart? Another thing required is *love*. Love to God and love to men constitutes the real Mason, and he who has not this love operating in his breast, howmuchsoever he may know of our signs and ceremonies, has no claim to the character of a Mason. Have we that love? Much is implied in that word *love*. Does our love to God lead us daily to bend our knees before him in humble adoration? When there, do we sincerely and affectionately remember the welfare of our brethren? If so, 'tis well. But alas! judging from appearance, have we not reason to fear that many, if not all of us have forgotten the ties which should bind us together? O, my brethren, it is a truth which ought to make us *blush*. — *We have not lived as Masons are bound to live*. In what part of our conduct do we exhibit proof of the declaration that Masonry is so far interwoven with religion as to lay us under the strongest obligations to pay that rational homage to God which at once constitutes our duty and our happiness? Alas! are there not many who are called Masons, who profanely use the Name of that God in whose hand their breath is, and whom they have here called to witness in our solemnities.

We have all received a solemn charge to discountenance intemperance, as well as profanity, but how seldom do the best of us administer the faithful reproof, and whisper in the ear the friendly admonition. My brethren, you have no right to suffer a brother to transgress either the laws of God or man, without telling him of his error, and endeavoring to effect a reformation.

If we have neglected our duty in this respect, we are verily guilty. And who of us, my brethren, can lay his hand upon his heart and say, "I am clear?" If we can see our brethren pursuing a course which is directly leading them to ruin, and not

stretch forth a helping hand to save them, how can it be said, with any propriety, that we live in the practice of "Friendship, Morality and Brotherly Love?"

We are strikingly reminded by the whole routine of service performed here that there is need of care and strict examination, lest some who are unworthy should gain admittance. And we endeavor to be on our guard. But do any of you, my brethren, suppose that the "Celestial Lodge" above will be less strict in examining those who may apply for admission, crying, "Lord, Lord, open to us"? O, rely upon it, we never can enter there without being duly and truly prepared!

Will any one say "this is not Masonry; it is too serious a theme?" Ah! my brethren, is it so? Is any one of us, as a Mason, exempted from those duties, or has he nothing to do with the doctrines taught in the Bible? Then let it no more be said that we take that *Sacred Book* as the Rule and Guide of our Faith. "*A word to the wise is sufficient.*" I trust that your good sense will see the propriety of these remarks. I cannot but hope that you will be sensible of the inconsistency of pretending to take the Bible for our guide, while we pay little or no attention to its solemn requirements.

While I have had the honor of presiding in this Lodge, I trust you will bear me witness that I have endeavored to reverence that sacred Name which we sometimes use in this place. I have felt it to be my duty to seek the blessing of God at our meetings, and to carry out the teachings here given, that we should never engage in any important business without first seeking a blessing from God, and I hope this ancient, noble practice will be continued.

We have been told that it was the usual practice of one, whose example we are taught to imitate, every day at an appointed hour to enter the secret chamber, to offer his prayers and adorations to God. While his example is held up for our imitation, let us not lose sight of its brightest part. I would earnestly exhort you, brethren, individually and collectively, to pay that rational homage to God, which at once constitutes both our duty and our

happiness. Finally, brethren, be true to your trust, and He who is the rewarder of the faithful will not forget you.

Now, brethren, I resign to you this jewel, the badge of my office; and in doing so, let me remind you that whoever may be appointed to preside in this chair, you have a MASTER above, whose "Rules and Regulations" you are bound to obey.

As a matter of fact, it should be added, that Mr. Thwing's interest in masonry was but temporary. Whether he found its pledges and practices distasteful or not, does not appear. He quietly withdrew from the order, very rarely alluded to it, giving thenceforth his undivided interest and his supreme allegiance to Christ and to his service in the Church.

His natural instincts no less than his religious convictions led him to sympathize with the anti-slavery reform. Almost the first reading which was put into his son's hands, after the testament, catechism, and Todd's "Lectures to Children," was a small pictorial publication called "The Slave's Friend."

At one time, during their residence in Ware, Mr. Thwing and his family were prostrated with typhus fever. While they were sick, his business stopped, partly on account of the negligence of some in his employ; his property was attached for payment of dues. A stranger in the place, a Baptist clergyman, called one day, and remarked in the course of conversation, "the hand of God seems to be very heavy on you." "Yes," was the reply; I feel it, but it is my Father's hand, and wont hurt me." "Indeed, you must be a happy man," replied the surprised stranger. "I know it," was the answer, "and I know that the Lord does all things well." This experience he afterward found

to be of great service in his missionary labor among the poor and unfortunate.

January 19th, 1837, his friend, Deacon Thomas Wilder, returned from Boston, where he had been engaged as a member of the Legislature. He brought to Mr. Thwing a special request from certain gentlemen in Boston to come and engage in missionary work in that city. The unanimous opinion of his friends in Ware, as well as the promptings of his own heart led him to relinquish already promising business prospects and to accept the call. In a few days he accompanied Mr. W. to the city, which, for more than thirty years was to be the sphere of his laborious toils, the fruitful harvest field from which, in old age, he was to return home with his arms full of sheaves.



## RESIDENCE IN BOSTON.

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WEDNESDAY, February 1st, 1837, Mr. Thwing left Ware Village, where for about thirteen years he had been closely identified with its secular and religious interests. He carried with him to his new work the warmest wishes and heartiest approval of his many friends, for whom he always cherished a peculiar regard. He arrived on Thursday, and at once commenced labor under direction of the "Boston Society for the Religious and Moral Instruction of the Poor." Mr. Wilder introduced him that day to several wretched homes, and to others which had been made comparatively happy by christian kindness and charity. The evening of Friday, he attended a prayer meeting with Salem Church, and the following Sabbath conducted service at the Female Refuge, then in Charter Street. He also visited the Marine Hospital, the Mission Chapel, Sailor's Home, African School, State Prison, and other institutions during the month, acquainting himself with their operations, and assisting in their religious exercises. Mention is made in his journal of Rev. Messrs. Blagden, Adams, Jenks, Hague, Deacons Safford and Proctor and other cordial friends of missions, who welcomed him to this city, and aided him by counsel and sympathy. The field, however, was at that time comparatively unoccupied. March 10th, Mr. Francis D. Stedman

was set apart by the Essex and Pine Street Churches as Missionary in the southern part of the city, Mr. Wilder laboring awhile in the westerly wards. April 3d, Mr. Thwing moved his family from Ware to Brookfield, where they remained with Mr. Baxter Barnes, a brother-in-law, until November, when they took up their residence in Prince Street, Boston.

More than a hundred and sixty pages in his daily journal are filled with records of the first nine months of labor. In this period, he made 2,800 visits among three hundred different families, conducted two hundred and fifty-eight religious services, besides aiding in others, and having the direction of a band of tract visitors. He was in a work which he ardently loved, and love made his toil delight. At one time he goes to relieve a poor, disabled woman with two children. She said that she had been eleven weeks without fire or fuel, and some of the time with little or no food. The same day he writes :

"I stopped at Mrs. F.'s. They were about to place the corpse in the coffin, and wished me to assist; but we found that the coffin was several inches too short. I took it under my arm and went to Sea Street, near South Boston Bridge, and exchanged it for another, in which I placed the corpse. All this I accomplished in less than an hour; but my clothes were wet to my back, and I was some fatigued. Evening: Took part in the services at Park Street."

He was in the prime of life, and gave his full strength to his work without stint or intermission. One winter's day he entered a hovel, which he thus describes :

"On an old bedstead was spread a bag of straw, with

tattered remnants of a bedquilt. On one side of this bunch of filthy rags, was seen the head of a boy seven or eight years old, with no garments to cover his nakedness. When asked how old he was, he replied, 'a whole bushel,' and when asked which his right hand was, raised his left. The mother of this poor idiot sat shivering with cold, having no means of warming her filthy abode except a few sticks of wood, which she could not split. On examination, it appeared that she, as well as her husband, was intemperate. O, when will such slaves to appetite cease to hug their chains?"

Another poor drunkard, sinking to the grave, filled with horror, desired to hear a prayer. "O, that pit," he cried, "I'm sinking into that pit!" Yet the doctor said that he must have his brandy.

J. M. was a young woman who had been led astray. Disease having prevented her being longer a source of income to her employers, she was turned into the streets by the occupants of the den where she had been ruined both in health and character. A poor family took in the outcast. She was sinking fast in consumption. Mr. Thwing procured articles necessary for her immediate relief. Her great desire was to be taken home to her mother, a pious widow in Thomaston, Me., where she might die among her kindred. "In about a week, I completed the arrangements, procured a chaise, took her from her chamber in my arms and placed her in the chaise. A lady, who had become quite interested in the case, took a seat by her and supported the sick one, while I led the horse to the steamboat, saw her aboard, paid her fare, and gave her six dollars to defray other expenses. The poor

girl's heart overflowed with gratitude to these Christian friends and joy at the thought of soon meeting her mother. She reached her distant home in safety, and died a few days after. In the opinion of pious friends there, she was a sincere and humble penitent."

Another picture of suffering is briefly narrated. The missionary entered an Irish hovel where lay an unburied boy. The father was in a rage because he had been refused a burial place by his priest, who demanded five dollars. Later in the day Mr. T. went to the funeral. The body was put into the coffin amid the cries of the distressed mother, "my darling, O my darling!" to whom the brutal command was given "stand back, and stop your noise!" The top was then nailed on with indecent haste, and the remains hurried off without a prayer, in the midst of oaths and confusion. In another house he found the bloated body of a drunkard, who, while fishing from a boat, sunk down, probably stupified with the contents of his bottle, which was found with him. The boat, meanwhile, drifted with the tide under the planking of a wharf, where it filled. The drowning man cried for help, but he was not released till too late to save his life. The newly made widow was almost distracted, and ill-prepared to heed the consolations of the missionary. With narratives of scenes like these, volumes might be filled. Most of the spring and summer Mr. Thwing boarded with Mr. Wilder at the Pemberton House, where now the Howard Athenæum stands. One August day the hill in the rear of the hotel caved in, and buried two men alive. He assisted in digging them out before they were suffocated.

*November 21, 1837.* He moved his family into their new

home at the North End, that part of the city which was his field of labor for the remainder of his life. At the close of this first year the society which had employed him suspended operations, and he was thus thrown out of business. Mr. Wilder left the field but Mr. Thwing was re-engaged by the Old South, Salem Street, and Franklin Street churches, and held on his way with unabated zeal, making, during 1838, 3,200 visits, conducting upwards of one hundred and fifty religious services, and superintending one hundred and twenty-five tract visitors; 56,000 tracts were distributed, and thirty persons hopefully converted. In 1841, missionary operations were carried on by the "Boston City Missionary Society," in the employ of which Mr. Thwing continued twenty years. The records he left of this period are voluminous, but in a very condensed form. Brief facts like the following show what a book of marvellous incident might have been compiled had he cared to enlarge and to elaborate the details of his daily labor, thus concisely stated:

"Called to see Mrs. S., whose husband poisoned himself in presence of his wife and family; but no one gave any alarm. He died in a few hours. By request of Mr. H., called to see a sick woman in Southac Street. Her husband and a colored woman in the room were both intoxicated, the female quite insensible. Catherine R. is back to her mother again from a tour of vice in New York city. On visiting S——, I found Ann Maria in a dreadful state with the horrors of delirium tremens. She thinks that evil spirits of every frightful shape are haunting and tormenting her."

The occupants of another home are thus briefly but

vividly sketched. "An old black man asleep in a chair; a black female stretched across some chairs; a white female sitting in a chair, with head and arms on the table, and so drunk that she could not be roused. By her side was a rum bottle, robbed of its contents, leaving just enough to tell the story. I disturbed the quiet of the negro, but the others would not be disturbed, and they all slumbered again."

"Leaving church, a note was handed me from S. B. I went and found her in Keith's Alley, with a large company of negroes and two other white females, one not sixteen years old. I succeeded in getting S. to the Refuge. The others promised to go the next day." The young woman referred to afterwards became a Christian.

"*July 23, 1842.* At six o'clock, I went to Copp's Hill, where, with the help of a spy-glass, I saw the top stone of Bunker Hill Monument raised from the ground, and in less than forty minutes it was fixed in its place, where it will probably remain for ages yet to come, until all who now are actors here will have gone to their long home. I shall not then need a spy-glass to look at the passing wonders, and behold the glorious Top Stone brought forth with shoutings of Grace, grace unto it!"

After hearing a sermon by Rev. J. H. Towne, from the text, "Vanity of vanities," Mr. T. penned the following lines, which were afterwards published in the "Boston Recorder":

"O! is this *all* that earth can give?  
And will it my poor soul deceive  
With trifles light as air?  
Shall I for such poor, fleeting toys,  
Give up all hope of heavenly joys,  
And sink in deep despair?"

Lord, let me not thus madly choose,  
Nor longer offered grace refuse,  
But take the blessing now.  
O, help me here with broken heart,  
To bid all sinful joys depart,  
And to thy sceptre bow."

*April 9.* Attended meeting at the Carleton House. After I had made remarks, a colored woman arose and pointing to me, said: "There is the dear brother who first spoke to me about my soul, and directed me to Jesus. *Oh how he talked to me,* and made the tears start from my eyes! Two days after, he called again. Since that time, I've often been to my window and looked, and looked, but could not see him. I bless God that I came here-to-night!" This poor runaway slave, with her three children, had been visited two months before by the missionary, and since by Jesus himself, with the blessings of salvation.

Mr. T. gave a bible to the wife of a drunkard. More than, two years passed before he saw her again. "O you," she exclaimed, "are the gentleman who gave me the Bible. The reading of it was the means of leading me to Christ, and saving my soul." She was a member of an evangelical church, and no more abused by a cruel husband, for he had reformed. Under another date, he speaks of a fire at the North End, amid a cluster of wretched buildings, and still more wretched occupants, two of whom were burned to death, — little children, — while their mother was too drunk to rescue them. A poor, but honest mariner was also burned out at this time, and lost all his earnings, \$150. Mr. T. interested others in the case, and replaced the loss. The sailor's heart was filled with gratitude to his friends, and soon after he became a Christian.

He and his wife joined Salem Church. A year after, he was lost at sea.

Many other incidents might be repeated illustrative of the fruitfulness of his persevering and unwearied effort with individuals, among whom, it is believed, a great multitude were not only saved from the snares and sufferings of this life, but through his humble instrumentality, introduced into the joys of a nobler life above. As an agent of different public benevolent societies, as a Bible class teacher, a member of various Sabbath School and Church Committees, and in the multitudinous calls and cares of a Missionary, he toiled on without intermission and almost without weariness, so real was his love for the work.



## CONCLUSION.

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IN October 1861, on account of pecuniary embarrassments the Society felt obliged to dismiss some of their laborers. He was, however, too ardently attached to the work to abandon it, and so continued until his death, laboring incessantly, though without a salary, and trusting in the Lord for his support. He writes: "My joys, my sorrows, my very being, have seemed to be identified with this cause; that I could live for nothing else. The very thought of leaving the work, before the master calls me home, has robbed me of my flesh, like wasting sickness. February 1862, I completed twenty-five years of missionary labor, and seventy years of my pilgrimage, not having been confined a single day by sickness during more than a quarter of a century of missionary service."

At the close of this year, he writes: "The year 1862 has gone, without salary, and strange as it may seem, I have seldom, if ever, experienced a happier year. Indeed, I have had seasons of precious interest when casting my cares on God. The many interpositions of a kind Providence, when earthly helpers failed, have increased my joy and trust in God."

"A Glance at Twenty-Five years' Service," was printed and extensively circulated by Mr. Thwing, which makes it needless to repeat the same in this memorial.

Annual Reports also, of his labor, were printed at his own expense for gratuitous circulation, containing a brief summary of the labor performed and incidents of peculiar interest. But not till the great day of accounts arrives, will the full history of these thirty years of toil be disclosed! Glimpses of gathered fruit were however from time to time granted him. Eighteen years after he parted with John, the Sandwich Islander converted while his Sabbath school pupil, he was gladdened by hearing that he was, as a municipal officer in that distant land, still adorning the Christian profession. The last year of his life, Mr Thwing received a visit from a gentleman from Nova Scotia, and another residing in Worcester, Mass. The former was a Bible class pupil fifteen years before, and the latter nearly fifty years before. They had tender reminiscences to rehearse, and some new facts to give in connection with those early toils, which deeply interested the aged missionary, who then was nearer the goal than he was aware of. Early in 1865 he was stricken with paralysis, and for hours lay apparently unconscious. Before he recovered sufficiently to engage in conversation he was overheard saying to himself "*sweetly resting in Jesus,*" and repeating the couplet,

"Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for ceaseless streams of praise,"

He seemed very near heaven. But the end was not yet.

In August following, Mrs. Thwing, many years an invalid, was suddenly removed by death. These providences sensibly weakened his strength in the way. The death of his friend Deacon Wilder, who died in Tremont Temple,

anniversary week, and that of other old associates, also led him to feel that his work was nearly ended. A constitution wonderfully vigorous, was steadily yielding to the burden of age and disease.

The spring of 1867 found him very much enfeebled. Frequent and touching allusions appear in his journal in reference to weariness and headache. Yet cheered by the Master's presence he daily labored as he was able.

Though the "outward man," failed, his faith and love grew brighter day by day. Within a fortnight of his death, he called on an aged widow who, like himself, had a cheerful spirit, and said that he wanted to find some one who would join with him in praising God. Praise ever was the language of his heart. Through a long and consciously defective ministry of love to the needy and ignorant, he delighted in extolling the grace of God that had abounded toward him, and in commending it to the admiration of others. It was this thankful and loving spirit that made his duties pastime, his service for Christ, liberty and rest. Yet there are limits to physical endurance, and Mr. Thwing found that though the will was present, the power to carry out its behests was not his own.

On Thursday, April 25, he went out for the last time. He took a car to Charlestown Neck, visited an aged sister of Salem church, and walked back to the city. Crossing the bridge toward evening, he was chilled by the raw, cold wind. Much exhausted, he stopped at the house of a poor widow, before reaching home. Seeing his feebleness, she urged him to labor less assiduously, and take more ease in his old age. He remarked, that he would soon be beyond these infirmities, and when the Lord was done with him,

then he should go. Even then, forgetful of his own sufferings, he took up a little babe, kissed it and repeated part of Dr. Holland's poem, beginning, "What is the little one thinking about?" Faint and weary, he reached his residence, and lay down never to rise again. For a week and more he suffered severely with catarrhal fever which was combined with other difficulties. His two daughters watched over him with ceaseless care, and his much loved physician, Dr. James Ayer, was unremitting in his attentions, doing all within his power to alleviate the severity of the disease, and to soothe the closing days of a life which it was beyond the reach of medical skill to prolong. Rev. Mr. Dow, Dea. Andrew Cushing, Rev. S. P. Fay, his former pastor, and other Christian friends who visited him during the last week he lived, found him patient and cheerful, though at times in "perfect agony," as he expressed it. During intervals of comparative quiet he talked over scenes of his early domestic life, telling his children incidents in reference to their sainted mother, whom now he evidently hoped soon to meet. He also spoke with the utmost composure about his death, and seemed to breathe the same loving trust in his Saviour as found expression in the words of Deacon Safford, his former friend and associate, "Lay me down at Jesus' feet, and let me die!"

The evening before he left us, while a psalm was read to him by Mr. S., a young man who watched with him, the question was asked whether he heard. He replied, "I heard the voice from the *other side*." He evidently by faith saw the heavenly land, and longed to be gone.

On Monday, May 6, he was released from the flesh.

For several hours before he breathed his last, it was

impossible for him to articulate. The words of recognition which he spoke to his only son, standing by his side, and a brief but hearty utterance of patient trust in God's care and love, were among his last audible expressions. At five o'clock, just at the going down of the sun, the tired reaper went home, silently, not with songs and triumph, but worn out by toil and pain, *looking* the loving farewell he could not speak, as if commending his children to Him whom it had been his joy to serve through a long and useful life.

His funeral was attended on the following Wednesday. Prayer was offered at the house, Salem Court, which for more than twenty-five years had been his home. The remains were then taken into the meeting-house, the officers of Salem church officiating as pall-bearers. Notwithstanding a severe rain-storm, about two hundred were present, among whom were his former missionary associates, numerous representatives of different benevolent societies with which the deceased was officially connected, and many, too, of those in humble life who had been wont to look to him as an earthly comforter and support. The sorrow of these humble mourners was touching to behold, for it was real and hearty, the grief of those who had known and loved him with almost filial intimacy.

Rev. J. M. H. Dow preached from Ps. cxvi. 15: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints;" showing first, why such an event is so regarded in the sight of God; and secondly, the view which should be taken of it by surviving friends. It was remarked that God desires the perfection and happiness of the Christian, and to this end orders the processes of earthly discipline, pre-

paring them for the indwelling of the Spirit here, and for admission to the rest provided in heaven. While He takes "no pleasure in the death of the wicked," he does delight in the final accomplishment of his gracious work which is seen in the death and exaltation of the redeemed sinner. We justly regard the death of a believer among the noblest illustrations of the gospel of the grace of God. Infidelity has no such triumphs over the last enemy. But to the Christian, Death is a conquered foe. He departs in peace exclaiming "I am perfectly happy! perfectly happy!" Such, said the preacher, was the dying testimony of my dear companion who has recently passed to the better land. Such was the confidence of our departed friend, as he passed down into the river of death. What but the gospel of Christ can give such confidence to the dying believer?

Survivors should reflect on the glory of that promotion to the right hand of God enjoyed by the saint in heaven, and not allow selfish sorrow to fill the heart, forgetful of the fact that to him death is exceeding "gain." They should also heed the call to steadfastness, remembering that the end hasteneth. Precious is the hope of a joyful union, the gathering of an unbroken family! How are we at the burial of a parent reminded of our early life, of riper years, of gatherings of Father and Mother, and children, about the domestic board and the family altar! To the same gospel which was the stay of our sainted parents, must we look in these hours of bereavement and trial. To these consolations I commend you as children, as brother, as friends of the deceased; and may the members of the church, too, be stimulated to still greater exertions in the cause of our Redeemer.

In the departure of our beloved fellow-laborer, Deacon Thomas Thwing we sorrow, but while sorrowing, we rejoice over his long and useful life, and for the good hope which like an anchor held him fast to the "Rock of Ages." The great, fundamental truths of the Bible were held by our departed brother with unwavering confidence. In his labors for the church and for lost souls, they were his hope and confidence. Work, with him, was a *passion*. Possessed of an iron constitution, he was able to do much and to continue long in the Missionary work, while others fainted by the way. Naturally conscientious and of an ardent temperament, his manner to some appeared harsh at first; but such were not the feelings of his heart, as a more thorough acquaintance proved. When duty was clearly perceived, a quick, tender conscience responded at once; and when others failed to follow their own convictions, the depth and earnestness of his own were revealed by the warmth and point of his exhortations and admonitions.

Mr. Dow then gave a brief sketch of Mr. Thwing's life and labors, which embodied the substance of what has already been recorded.

After prayer the hymn was sung, beginning,

"Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ."

The venerable Father Cleaveland, tottering beneath the weight of ninety-five years, added a few tender and loving words in which he expressed his admiration for the character of his beloved associate, and his joyful assurance of soon being with him where their joys would be without alloy and without end.

As the procession left the house, the storm ceased and blue skies again appeared. When the carriages reached the grave at Mount Auburn, and the face of the dead was again uncovered, the setting sun suddenly shone on it and seemed to clothe the countenance with more than earthly sweetness and peace. We left him —

“ A veteran slumbering on his arms,  
Beneath his red cross shield.”

recalling that exultant exclamation of his when standing, twenty months before, by the open grave of his dear companion, and pointing with his staff to the green sod beside her, then unbroken, he said, “ *There’s my resting place.*” Side by side they rest in the centre of the family burial lot, which is beautifully located on the westerly slopes of Mount Auburn, overlooking the fields and distant hills familiar to his boyhood eyes. The remains are enclosed in a brick catacomb, on which will be seen standing a plain but substantial monument of Quincy granite, of Romanesque style, bearing suitable inscriptions. But more enduring than granite is the imperishable monument which the lives of these sainted parents have left in the affectionate memory of their children, their children’s children, and of the multitudes who will hereafter rise up and call them blessed.



## APPENDIX.

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THE news of Mr. Thwing's decease called forth both public and private expressions of sorrow and condolence. At the annual meeting of the INDUSTRIAL AID SOCIETY, the Secretary, — who was himself soon after suddenly called into eternity, dying at his post, — recorded his estimate of his associate as follows :

Since our last meeting, the one messenger to all has called upon our friend and brother, the aged and respected Deacon Thwing, to go up higher. For more than twenty-five years, he was with us as an active Director, always faithful and prompt in the discharge of any duty confided to him. We miss his calls at our office; we miss his presence in our meetings. Of sterling integrity, of very positive opinion, and of a somewhat austere manner, yet possessing a kindliness of heart well known to those to whom he was best known, age mellowed him into the gentle, warm, and sympathizing, as he had ever been the hearty and practical, friend of the poor.

Mr. C. H. P. Plympton then introduced the following testimonial to the worth of the deceased : —

WHEREAS, Since the last meeting of this society, the senior member of the Board of Directors, the late DEACON THOMAS THWING, has been removed by death from the scene of his labors, wherein he had cheerfully and zealously co-operated with us for upwards of a quarter of a century — be it therefore, —

*Voted,* That we desire to record our grateful estimate of his services, respect for his memory, and veneration for his worth and character.

*Voted*, That the above be placed on record and a copy be transmitted by the Secretary to the family of the deceased.

Rev. Lewis E. Caswell warmly seconded the motion of Mr. Plympton, and the opportunity was embraced by many of the members present, to express their sympathy with the family of the deceased, in their bereavement, and their high personal appreciation of the valuable public and private services of their departed friend and brother; and the testimonial was adopted unanimously.

FREDERICK R. WOODWARD,  
*Secretary.*

*June 13, 1867.* The Howard Benevolent Society passed the following vote:

*Whereas*, It hath pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from his earthly labors our late friend and associate, DEA. THOMAS THWING, by death, we bow to this act of Providence with filial confidence and affection, and reverently say, from our hearts, "It is the Lord! let him do what seemeth him good."

*Resolved*, That we desire to place on record our high estimation of the purity of character and devoted labors of our late brother, during a long and useful life, as a Christian philanthropist.

*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with his family in their bereavement, and commend them to that source of consolation where he found abundant support in every time of need.

*Resolved*, That in view of this event, and as often as we are called to part from our fellow-laborers in the cause of benevolence and charity, we desire to be admonished to be faithful to our trust, and ready to render up our own account with joy, when our Master shall please to call us home.

*Voted*, That a copy of these resolves, with the preamble, be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be entered on the records of the Committee. Adjourned.

GEORGE F. BIGELOW,  
*Secretary.*

The Annual Report, presented the following October, says :

It is just that we pay a passing tribute to the memory of DEA. THOMAS THWING, one of the oldest and most faithful members of the Committee, who passed away from his earthly labors a few months since. His health had been feeble for some time ; but, almost to the last, he continued in his labors, and was scarcely ever absent from the monthly meetings of the Committee. After a life of useful labor, more than thirty years of which were spent as a city missionary, he gradually sank under the infirmities of disease, and has gone to his reward in the world above.

In the annual report of the City Missionary Society for 1868, Rev. Dr. Alden, the Secretary, alludes to the death of Mr. T. as follows :

One who has long been known in our city as a devoted missionary among the poor, having labored thus for more than thirty years, of which nearly twenty-four were spent in the service of this society, DEA. THOMAS THWING, during the past year has rested from his labors. He was faithful to his work and to his Lord, even unto death, and his memory is precious.

REV. PHINEAS STOWE, who has been twenty-three years the successful pastor of the Baptist Bethel, at the North End, says :

Deacon Thwing was one of the most efficient missionaries and tract distributors in our city. Many on sea and land are now feeling the power of the glorious gospel of the blessed God, preached by him through leaves scattered broadcast from the tree of life, for the healing of the nations. The following lines are dedicated to the memory of my respected brother in Christ, who departed this life May 6th, 1867 ;

The Master hath called the brave soldier to rest,  
From the heat of the battle, the conflict now past.  
He boldly hath fought with bright banner in hand,  
In the field he was faithful, long leading his band.

The downcast will miss his warm accents of love,  
 He taught them to feed on the bread from above;  
 He soothed their sad hearts by imparting relief,  
 And speaking of Jesus, the Calmer of grief.

The leaves of Life's Tree, which he scattered, still heal;  
 They make to the lost and the blind an appeal  
 To come to the Cross, and receive there by faith,  
 The Lamb that once slain can now save them from death.

The fruits of his toils are not all gathered home  
 To the heaven above, whence the ransomed ne'er roam :  
 But the reaper shall gather the harvest ere long,  
 Where now he is chanting Redemption's glad song.

Rest, soldier, now rest, life's battles are o'er,  
 The victor's blest meed and the bright shining shore  
 Are thine as the ages of glory shall roll,  
 Thy grand theme is JESUS, who ransomed thy soul.

P. STOWE.

BOSTON, April 4, 1868.

REV. E. P. THWING, —

*Dear Sir:* For more than twenty-five years, it was my privilege to be associated with your honored father in the good work to which he had consecrated his life, and to witness his ardent devotion and untiring zeal in its prosecution. He ever manifested the true missionary spirit; realizing the condition of sinners as utterly lost, he rejoiced that he was sent forth by the Master to offer a full and free salvation to all who would repent and believe in Him. While he was ever ready to sympathize with the distressed, and to aid the destitute, his chief aim was to lead sinners to Christ. He felt that sin was a far greater evil than poverty, and pardon and eternal life an infinitely greater blessing than any temporal relief.

The missionary band, with which he was so long connected, and of which he was the senior member, ever confided in his judgment, and were stimulated by his fidelity to renewed efforts. His deep religious experience, his soundness in the faith, and his

thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, qualified him to be their instructor. After his official connection with them had been dissolved, he continued to unite in their meeting for prayer every Monday morning. He often led their devotions; and the earnestness with which he poured out his heart in prayer, that God would go forth with them to their work, will long be remembered.

Personally, I shall ever cherish his memory, as a wise counsellor and steadfast friend. It has often strengthened my faith, to witness the support and consolation which were afforded him, under the severe trials and afflictions through which he was at times called to pass. The promises of God, so often commended by him to others, he found a sure support in his own experience, and I doubt not that, with many a weary pilgrim, cheered by him on the way, he has entered into rest.

Faternally yours,

ANDREW CUSHING.

MR. FRANCIS D. STEDMAN, an early and intimate associate in missionary toll, writes:—

“Your father was a soldier of the Cross, armed at all points and always ready for action. He was well versed in Bible history. He talked the Bible language with ease, was apt in its application, and used it with fervor to illustrate a truth. He quoted its denunciations with force, while with solemn, yet gentle tones, he would urge its invitations, and plead its promises.

“The *poor* loved him. I know this to be so, for I often visited those whom he knew, and I never heard a word among them but of kindness and love in regard to him.

“How many broken hearts he has comforted, how many tears he has wiped away, how many hungry he has fed, how many naked he has clothed, and more than all and better than all, how many wanderers he has led to the Saviour’s feet, eternity alone will reveal!

“He was eminently an *industrious* missionary. He was at his

work early and late. It seemed to be his *joy* and his *life* to be among that peculiar people over whom his master had made him "overseer." He could be very stern as well as very decided in his manner when occasion required it. I recollect we had a discussion among the members of the "Society for the Prevention of Pauperism," in regard to the most available way of *amusing* and interesting children, etc. One of the Unitarian missionaries thought it would be well to connect bowling-alleys and billiard-rooms with the chapels.

"Brother Thwing soon made known his views. '*Amusements indeed!*'" said he. "From the time I was seven years old up to this day, my amusement has been to earn an honest living. I think the plan proposed is *absurd* if not *wicked*. What children want is good schooling, useful employment, and religious training. Give them these, and they will of themselves find all the amusement *they need* or can *relish* as they pass along."

"These sentiments are not *modern*, though they are *sound*."

"Brother Thwing was a true friend, a devoted Christian, and he is now realizing in his own blissful experience the truth and glory of that gospel which cheered and comforted him here."

REV. GEORGE W. BLAGDEN, D. D., writes:—"I have known your father ever since he has worked as City Missionary in Boston, and have always thought him a remarkably faithful and efficient laborer. I have been also deeply impressed in his favor by the testimony willingly borne to his faithfulness by the members of the Salem Church, with which, I believe, he has been for many years connected, and many of whom I have well known, owing to my former pastoral relation to them in that church."

REV. NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D. D., gives his impressions of Mr. Thwing as a man and missionary. "He always impressed me with respect for him as a conscientious, fearless advocate of truth, one who discerned and eschewed evil in its lurking forms; as a man of great tenderness of heart under an exterior which, perhaps assumed some sternness to hide undue sensibility, but

covering nevertheless, a truly loving disposition. He had fancy in a more than ordinary degree, was original in many of his conceptions and expressions. He was a good interpreter of scripture, taking common sense views of its meaning, thereby qualifying him for usefulness among those to whose capacity God has adapted the Bible, and whose is the kingdom of God.

"He has left a record of usefulness in the hearts of many, and has, I doubt not, found for himself many 'a witness in heaven' and 'a record on high.'" —

THE NAME OF THWING belongs to an ancient English family. The following facts, which appear in a letter written by Mr. Thwing, August 18, 1858, to a relative in South Carolina, at his request, are believed to be authentic.

"The earliest progenitor of the family, of whom we have any documentary knowledge, was Sir Robert de Thwing, Knt. and Lord of Kilton Castle, England, A. D. 1287. His son was engaged with Edward I. in the wars with Scotland, 1298. In the College of Heraldry, London, there are records of a branch of that family in a town bearing the name of THWING, forty miles from York. These records bring the history down to about 1632-35, when Benjamin Thwing, aged sixteen years, sailed from England for Boston on board the ship "Susan and Ellen." He was admitted to the church 1642, and was a freeman in 1645. His two sons, Edward and John, resided in Hanover street, 1657. James, (probably a son of Edward, and great-grandfather of Nathaniel of Brighton,) was born 1664. Thomas, son of Nathaniel, married Mary Bartlett, 1731. I have heard her say that she was born in 1711. She died in Newton, 1803.

"JOHN, their son, and my grandfather, was married in 1757, to Sarah Chamberlain, and settled on her father's homestead in the east part of Newton. Their children were *Thomas*, died in infancy; *Nicholas*, my father; *Sarah*, married Withington; *Amos*, deacon in Brighton; *John*; *Abigail*, married Kimball; *Esther*, married Scollay; *David*, *Elisha* and *Elijah*, who died, 1857. The

latter were twins. NICHOLAS, my father, had eleven children: *Isaac, Thomas, Joseph, Sukey, David, Eliza, Abigail, Aaron, Ebenezer W., Mary Ann, and Susanna.*

"I do not pretend perfect accuracy in tracing the time from 1664 to 1705. There were several men bearing the name in Boston during that period, who were prominent officers of the town. I have not had time to make that exact investigation which shall settle the matter beyond doubt, in all the different lines of descendants, from Benjamin down to the father of Thomas, who was married to Mary Bartlett. The evidence, however, is sufficiently clear to satisfy me that there was a perfect 'cable' from one to the other. But we may well ask: *The fathers, where are they? and their children, do they live forever?*"

#### NAMES OF CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN.

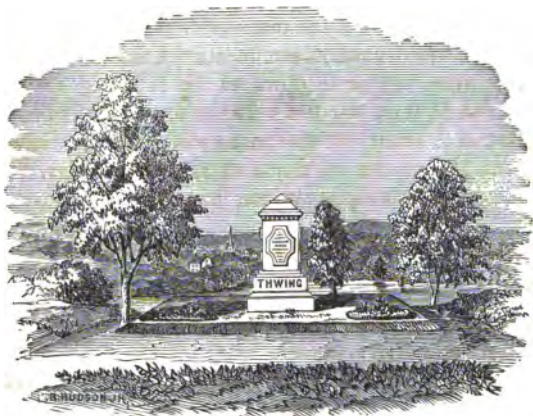
##### THE CHILDREN OF MR. THWING ARE:

HARRIET NEWELL (Mrs. Plummer).  
 CAROLINE ELIZABETH BARNES.  
 ELIZABETH B. (died in infancy), and  
 EDWARD PAYSON.

##### THE CHILDREN OF THE LATTER ARE:

GRACE; born at Portland Me., January 5, 1861.  
 CLARENCE; " " " " June 29, 1862.  
 HERBERT; " " Quincy, Mass., Dec. 22, 1863, and died September 21, 1865.  
 EUGENE; born at Quincy, January 17, 1866.  
 WALTER; stillborn.  
 EDWARD WAITE; and  
 ERNEST; born February 17, 1868.





VIEW OF THE BURIAL-GROUND.

The family burial lot at Mount Auburn is numbered 3807. It is on Arethusa path, a half-mile from the gate, reached directly through Central and Walnut avenues. The following description of the monument is taken from the *Patriot*, Quincy, Mass. :

“We learn that Mr. E. C. Sargent has contracted for a monument of Quincy granite, to be finished in April, and placed over the remains of the late Thomas Thwing, of Boston, at Mount Auburn. The well known architect, Mr. C. E. Parker, has kindly furnished the following description : It is Romanesque in style, and consists of a die, with cornice, moulded base and sub-plinth. The angles of the die are so revealed as to develop a circular headed tablet on each side. The edges of these tablets are moulded, and so stopped as to form each tablet into a cross. The

corona and bed mouldings of the cornice are cut by machicolations, which produce effective shadows; and the top rises towards the centre to a narrow fillet and thence to the apex, seven feet from the turf. The cost of the monument is about \$500. It is erected by an only son in memory of his beloved parents. The plan is greatly admired; and the execution of it, we doubt not, will fully equal in excellence the similar works which have been undertaken so successfully by our enterprising townsman."

The above cut is engraved by W. J. Peirce, of this city, after a drawing by Mr. J. B. Hudson, jr., of Portland, Me.

THE END.

Memorial

of

Mrs. Grace W. Thwing,

By Her Son,

Rev. Edward <sup>Payson</sup> Thwing.

---

Boston:

1885.

TO  
A WIDE CIRCLE  
OF BEREAVED FRIENDS,  
AND TO THOSE ESPECIALLY  
WHOSE KIND MINISTRIES OF LOVE  
HAVE BEEN SHARED BY THE  
DEPARTED AND HER FAMILY,  
THIS MEMORIAL  
IS  
INSCRIBED.



## MEMORIAL.

---

GRACE WELCH BARNES was born at West Brookfield, Mass., July 12, 1789. Her parents, Thomas and Elizabeth Barnes, were persons of eminent piety, and trained their seven children in the truths and practice of religion. They, and their parents also, were active promoters of Christian enterprise, and cheerfully gave of their property to the maintenance of the institutions of the gospel. The site where now the Congregational meeting-house stands, facing the beautiful green at West Brookfield, was a gift of this family to the parish. Not a few of the pastors of this ancient church, founded a century and half ago, have had reason to rejoice in their helpful sympathy and co-operation through many generations down to the present time.

In her early life, Grace was characterized by a quiet, dignified demeanor, which secured for her the respect as well as love of those who knew her. One of her early associates, still living, speaks of her as being "very amiable and devotedly pious," and recalls the impressions which the uniform correctness of her deportment then made upon her mind,

more than fifty years ago. She witnessed the propriety of her daily life not only abroad, but in the familiar intercourse of the household, and remembers distinctly the restraint which her presence imposed when she was prompted to undue freedom of remark.

March 4th, 1817, she was united in marriage, at West Brookfield, to Thomas Thwing. In 1824, they removed to Ware, and there remained till 1837. In both places, they were welcomed as efficient laborers in the Church and benevolent enterprises of the day. The first Sabbath School in West Brookfield was formed in their house. Female prayer-meetings, circles of prayer Sabbath evenings and at five o'clock in the morning, were held there before a church edifice was erected. On removing to Boston in 1837, a still larger field of labor was opened to both husband and wife. Though an invalid, she was ever at work. Tract visitors, missionaries, students and clergymen often shared her hospitalities for a longer or shorter time, besides the various benevolent societies of Salem Church, which frequently met with, and were entertained by her. But of these labors and of her last hours, the address which follows will more fully treat.





## THE FUNERAL SERVICES

took place on Saturday afternoon, September 2nd. Prayer was offered at her late residence, and the body was taken to the meeting-house, corner of Salem and North Bennet streets. After an appropriate organ voluntary, the following hymn was sung by a select choir, led by Barna S. Snow, Esq., of Boston :

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep !  
From which none ever wake to weep ;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus, oh, how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet !  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death has lost its venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus, peaceful rest !  
Whose waking is supremely blest ;  
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus ! oh, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be !  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
And wait the summons from on high.

Rev. S. P. Fay, acting pastor of Salem Church, then read,  
I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whoso liveth and believeth in me, shall never die. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write; from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them. \* \* \* \* \*

BEHOLD THY MOTHER! She hath brought up children, she hath lodged strangers, she hath washed the saints' feet, she hath relieved the afflicted, she hath diligently followed every good work; grave, sober, faithful in all things. The heart of her husband did safely trust in her, and her children rise up and call her blessed. She stretched out her hands to the poor, yea, she reached out her hands to the needy. She looked well to the ways of her *own* household, and ate not the bread of idleness. Her candle went not out by night. She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness. \* \* \* \* \* When the ear heard her, it blessed her. When the eye saw her, it gave witness. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came on her, and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. The memory of the just is blessed! Wherefore, comfort ye one another with these words.





## ADDRESS.

BY REV. S. P. FAY.

It is not with sorrow that we are assembled for these obsequies. There are no tears in recalling the fact that she, who had more than measured the appointed span of life, who had almost entered upon her fourscore years, and who had for years waited for death, has at length been released from the burden, from the prison, from the body of this death. We cannot mourn that her imprisoned soul, at last set free, has flown away to heaven. Shall we mourn that the assiduity, which with unwearied tenderness waited on her feebleness, and which she tenderly recognized with responsive affection, is now at last relieved?

No; let us rather rejoice that the mortal has put on immortality, and that it only remains for us to bury in the bosom of its kindred earth this lifeless clay, from which the freed soul has gone to be with Christ. In this death there is no extinction of hope, no interruption of activity, no anguish of bereaved affection, and better than all, no awful questioning whether the departed was ready. Our tears are only those of love, of gratitude, and of homage to a blessed memory. "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." This death is but the soul awaking from its long and restless sleep to its young and vigorous immortality. Hence, we have not a tear to shed for her who has gone to be forever with the Lord. She had long been looking for and expecting death, although at last it came suddenly. Her last sickness was short, and without any

marked features of interest, to which we may now refer. But we have what was far better, a long and beautiful life!

The larger portion of her six and seventy years was given to the service of her Redeemer. Born of an honored and pious ancestry, trained in her girlhood by watchful parents, instructed not only in the elements of a solid education, domestic and secular, but in the truths of religion, she early became a Christian. She joined the Congregational Church, West Brookfield, fifty-five years ago. She has been a member of this (Salem) Church since 1838. From the records of the church committee I find that her Christian experience was clear and decided. Her conviction of personal sinfulness seems to have been painfully vivid. She compared her distress on account of it to the raging of the sea before Jesus came into the ship to his disciples; but afterwards followed a great calm, that calm which so distinguished her whole Christian life and gave her that cheerfulness and patience for which she was characterized. In less than three years after her marriage, she and her husband accepted an appointment from the American Board, to labor among the Cherokee Indians. But sickness prevented her entering upon that work. The labors of her husband and her own, as well as those of her children, were to be put forth *here*, "beginning at Jerusalem." Her home has been with us for nearly thirty years. Her life has been intimately connected with Salem Church. Although in feeble health, she has not been idle. Her active usefulness has been manifested through the Maternal and other Associations, and in entertaining numerous guests at her house. She was of unspeakable blessing to her family. If these two "Sisters of Charity" have been of service to the community and the church, if this only son has been an honor to the ministry, if this husband has been able to endure hard labor with but small remuneration, and yet keep faith in God and sustain a cheerful spirit, they all owe it largely to her ceaseless prayers, wise counsels and hopeful spirit.

In May, 1863, this honored mother in Israel seemed very near her end, even in sight of the gates of the Celestial City. She then went through her immediate conflict with

death. She conversed cheerfully with her family about her departure, and "gave commandment concerning her bones." But, unexpectedly to herself and others, she recovered her strength in a good measure, so as to be able occasionally to come to this sanctuary, which has been for so many years her place of worship. Four weeks ago she heard a sermon from a former beloved pastor, Rev. Joseph H. Towne, D. D., upon the resurrection of the body and that future life upon which she has now so triumphantly entered. She enjoyed this last discourse exceedingly, little thinking how near that life was to her; but on Thursday morning last, (August 31st, 1865,) after but four days' confinement to her room, unexpectedly to all she passed away and entered upon a glorious immortality. And now,

*"After life's fitful fever she sleeps well."*

She has gone to join her family, of which she was the seventh and the last to go over the flood.

Of her last moments there is little to be said. But one of her children was with her when she was seized with her last sickness, the other two being in Maine. She expressed great joy that her absent son reached home the afternoon before she departed. He offered prayer and conversed with her enough to know that she had no fears of death. After prayer he repeated to her a part of the hymn beginning:

*"I am waiting by the river,  
I am watching by the shore;  
Only waiting for the boatman,  
Soon he'll come and bear me o'er."*

During most of Wednesday night her reason was clouded, and her articulation almost unintelligible. At two o'clock Thursday morning she fell into a quiet sleep, from which, without pain, at six o'clock, she entered the saint's everlasting rest.

*"She passed thro' morning's golden gate,  
And walked in Paradise."*

Her husband, younger daughter and only son were with her as she breathed her last. The latter closed her eyes and

broke the silence of the chamber of death by repeating that triumphant doxology of Paul which such a scene must ever elicit: "THANKS BE TO GOD WHO GIVETH US THE VICTORY THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST."

Her loving nature and her habitual nearness to God, her constant cheerfulness and hopefulness, her wisdom and prudence, her patience under increasing bodily infirmities—virtues which only the grace of God enabled her to illustrate—are a rich legacy for her children. Tenderly and devoutly did she feel in her old age that God had blessed her all the days of her life. How much she loved her husband and children, and how tenderly they loved her, all who know them will testify.

Our faith now beholds her entering into that great glory, to realize there the full fruition of that hope, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

*My Dear Brother*, There is no need I should address much in way of consolation to you. You will, it is true, miss the wife of your youth and the mother of your children, with whom you have walked hand in hand and heart in heart these forty-eight years. She has indeed strengthened your hands when you have been ready to faint. By her economy and labor, she has been an invaluable help. But you, who have so often comforted others, know well the sources of consolation. I know the everlasting arms will be around you, and that you will soon be with her!

*This only Son, and these affectionate Daughters* tenderly mourn their loss. But religion has taught you to appreciate the privilege of having such a mother. The prayers she offered for you, from the first hour of your lives to the day of her departure; the example of faith and cheerful Christian devotedness she set before you; and her instructive words, are hallowed in your memories. She has now led the way to glory. You have now a mother in heaven, who tenderly watches your labors and struggles! May you follow her when your work is completed. May your last end be like hers!

Farewell, sacred relics of a loved and honored wife and mother! May your sleep be peaceful and undisturbed until

the last trumpet shall call you to the assembly of the just. There we shall meet you,—not as now, cold, lifeless, and corruptible, but vital in every part. And thou, immortal spirit, farewell! death has but taken thee aside and unrobed thee, that, being washed and sanctified and justified, Grace may robe thee anew and get thee ready to join with us the glorious retinue of Christ in his day of triumph! Farewell, till God restores thee to us!

After prayer the choir sung the hymn<sup>d</sup> beginning

“Sweet is the scene when Christians die,”

to the tune “Federal Street.” Friends present then had the opportunity of looking on the serene, pleasant face of the departed. Flowers of richest fragrance were scattered within and without the coffin, and others adorned the pulpit. These seemed fitting, rather than funeral mourning, for she had forever passed from the land of the dying, and joyously entered the land of the living. The inscription on the coffin read,

**Grace W. Thwing.**

**AGED 76 YEARS.**

**ASLEEP IN JESUS.**





## SERVICES AT MOUNT AUBURN.



The remains, followed by the family and friends, reached Mount Auburn at half past four. The slant rays of a warm September sun played through the branches of the waving elms, the walnut, and the linden trees, as we bore the precious dust to its final resting place. The family lot is on Arethusa path, No. 3307. There devout and loving hands had brought her to her burial, but never did a burial seem less associated with gloom. Leaning on his staff, and on the friendly arm of his pastor, the aged father, with his children and grand-children about him, stood by the dead; while a quartette of sweet voices, sung to the tune "Heber,"

"There is a land of pure delight  
Where saints immortal reign."

The calm face of the departed saint, which was turned towards the voices led by her son, seemed clothed with the sweetness and peace of sleep, or as if she were listening again to the sounds which she loved on earth to hear so well. But beyond those autumnal skies her spirit had passed to be forever with the Lord. As we sung of

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,"

and as our eyes took in the delightful prospect before us, the

groves and meadows, the flowing Charles, and the villages beyond the river, we rejoiced to know that she now had entered the Paradise of God.

Words of prayer followed, and as the sun was hastening to its setting, we each of us took a flower from the fragrant clusters, "beheld the sepulchre, and how the body was laid," then left the sacred enclosure, fervently breathing the prayer, "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers."





## SERVICES AT QUINCY

were held at the Hancock Street Church, Sabbath morning, September 10th, appropriate to an occasion so tenderly interesting to pastor and people.

The exercises were opened by singing a hymn selected by the choir :

Mother ! though from yonder sky  
Cometh neither voice nor cry,  
Yet we know for thee this day  
Every pain hath passed away.

Not for thee shall tears be given,  
Child of God, and heir of heaven !  
For He gave thee sweet release,  
Thine the Christian's death of peace.

Well we know thy living faith  
Had the power to conquer death,  
As a living rose may bloom  
By the border of the tomb.

Mother ! in that solemn trust  
We commend thee dust to dust ;  
In that faith we wait till, risen,  
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.



## DISCOURSE.

BY REV. EDWARD P. THWING.

~~~~~  
John 19: 27. BEHOLD THY MOTHER.

There are few incidents in the life of our Redeemer more deeply affecting than this scene at the cross. We hardly know which to admire the more, the maternal or the filial love; or to tell which suffered the greater pangs, at that moment, mother or son. We know that in the fulfilment of Simeon's prophecy, Mary must have endured ineffable agony, as "the sword pierced through her own soul also." How intense must have been her love to this her first-born! Towards the evil and unthankful a mother's love goes out in all embracing, all forgiving power; but how much deeper must have been her affection for this "holy thing" born of her, alone among her other children pure and undefiled, "the son of God." With what fondness, not to say pride, did she watch the growth of that noble body and the progress of that beautiful life! We are so used to the blemishes and weaknesses which attach themselves to a sinful nature and a body tainted with corruption, that we can hardly conceive of the angelic grace and purity of this, the "fairest of the children of men." Mary's love must have been intense, for it had not only an exalted object on which to fasten itself, but what is still more, it enjoyed a cordial reciprocation. No mother on earth ever had such returns of filial affection, and hence we may suppose that their fellowship was incomparably sweet.

That son was now nailed to the cross; but as Dr. Adams has said, "something stronger than nails held *her* to the cross — a mother's love; something more excruciating than nails and a spear distracted her — the sufferings of her child."

What a wealth of affection was exhibited in Christ's commitment of that cherished mother to the beloved disciple! The lesson is for our instruction to-day. Happy are those of you who still have a mother to care for and to love.

What the loss of one is, none can tell who has never experienced the sorrow of separation. The more endearing the fellowship, the more complete the reciprocation, the more frequent the intercourse, the more vivid will be the realization of one's loss.

Five and thirty years ago, my eyes opened to catch the gaze of two loving eyes full of maternal pride and affection. From that day till death closed them, or rather these hands closed them, those eyes have followed me with unspeakable fondness. But twice has the son been away from her side so long as three months at a time; and, for the most part, visits have been enjoyed once a week, or oftener.

The memory of the last sixteen years is very sweet to me. It covers the period of preparation for, and enjoyment of, the work of the ministry. It was her desire from the first that I should choose this work. After thirteen years of school-boy life she with disappointment saw me choosing the business of a merchant. After two years and more, when those steps were retraced, she rejoiced to see me leave the paths of money-getting—already promising success—for the less lucrative but holier employment of preaching Christ crucified. The memory of this portion of my life and hers is also grateful to review, because assured by her that I have been of real service to her. I refer not to physical comfort merely, but to peace of mind. For instance, she confessed at one time that she had always looked with dread on death, and felt the bondage of fear, till after the subject was put by me in a new and less repulsive light, about two years ago, since which that fear no longer troubled her. She now has finished her course and enjoys in heaven the nobler ministrations of Christ, the author of her salvation.

Finished!

A life well rounded and complete, full of years and ripe in fruitage, and a character to whose natural grace and sweetness were added the charms of a renewed soul united to Christ. The departure of one so ripe for heaven is not a fit occasion for lamentation and tears. No!

—“the Thracians wisely gave  
Tears to the birth-couch, Triumph to the grave!”

So, too, may we rejoice; for it is not the Christian, but death, that dies.

When Isabella Graham parted with her eldest daughter, having listened to the hymn which the departing saint sung till death closed the song, and having seen the flight of the spirit from the body, she raised her eyes and hands to heaven, exclaiming, in the triumph of faith, "I wish you joy, my darling!" then took refreshment and retired to rest.

Such quiet trust and joyful faith we are permitted to illustrate and enjoy. If glory and immortality are the portion of this dear departed one, why should we mourn?

The sketch of her life is omitted, being the same in substance as has already been given.

Dear friends, I present this sketch, not to gratify pride or curiosity, but to honor both the memory of the sainted dead, and the grace of God in which she so richly shared. Being dead, she yet speaketh. Let me briefly notice two thoughts suggested. One is, the *irresistible power wielded by a Christian mother*. The consistent, exemplary life of a parent, especially that of a mother, is a power second to none in the whole range of human influences. Sophistry cannot baffle it, argument cannot gainsay it, time cannot obliterate it. An infidel once tried to seduce a young man from the Christian practices taught him by a Christian mother. He argued, he laughed at him; but in vain, for though the young man could not answer his objections, he knew that the religion his mother lived, and by which in her trials she was sustained, *must* be divine. His language was, "The Bible does that for her which infidelity *never* could do, and by the grace of God, I will abide by the words that my mother taught me."

Another young man, who felt himself to be very wicked, expressed his appreciation of a consistent life in these singular words. Comparing his mother with another lady who was a lover of pleasure rather than a lover of God, he said, "I am a sad, ungodly dog myself, but I would not, for all the world, be the son of an irreligious mother." I say then, Behold a Mother, as the centre of an irresistible and

undying influence. Live, Mothers and Fathers, so that the image which you project on the minds of your children shall be such as you will not fear to have eternity make indelible ! Live so that they will rise up and call you blessed. Rest not till every one of your household is an heir of eternal life ; nor then be content till you behold their sanctified energies consecrated to the Lord that bought them, reproducing in their life and labors his glorious spirit of consecration.

Again. Let me say to *those who still have an object on which they may expend their filial affection*, Behold thy mother ! You may not have her long on earth to love. The remembrance of unkindness or neglect biteth at last "like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." In reference to the departed, I can say with another already quoted, "I see many things which I should not have said or done, and many things which I could have done better ; but while I say this, I must say, in justice to the grace of God, that as I stood over that parent's coffin, and when I left her in the tomb, I could not find in my recollections anything with which to reproach myself as an unkind and undutiful child. This is all, which, as a sinner, I dare to say, for the heart is deceitful above all things ; but I must add that my mother's kind expressions of gratitude and love for any conduct which she was pleased to regard as dutiful, are now the richest treasures in my memory. Her face towards me is not made by my conscience to wear any coldness. I did not despise her when she was old."

Am I addressing any, who, forgetful of the undischarged debt of obligation they owe their mother, regard her wishes as wearisome restraints, her wants as burdens, and her infirmities, it may be, intolerable ? I have known sons who were impatient of a mother's gentlest control, and whose disrespect stung her sensibilities most deeply. I have seen daughters, by their frivolity and wantonness, their silly love of display, their loose and roving habits, planting thorns in a mother's pillow. Oh reflect, if any such hear me, how remorseful your memories will be, when you see those now pleading eyes closed in death ; the hands that long ministered to you, folded across a motionless breast, and the lips that

sung your infant lullabies, soothed you in sickness, prayed for you in danger and counselled you so wisely, sealed in the icy coldness of the grave !

Sincere may be your sorrow then, loud your protestations of love, still louder your call for forgiveness, but it will be unavailing ! During remaining life, and, unless God pardon, throughout eternity you will drag about with you like a heavy chain these remorseful but ineffaceable memories.

And finally, beloved friends, let us all come more completely under the powers of the world to come. Time is fleeting. Our parents, our children and our friends we shall not have with us long. Behold, then, thy Mother, thy Father, thy Child or thy Neighbor. To-day he is, to-morrow all that remains of him here may be claimed by the grave. Eternity—to some of us, it may be—is just at hand. Let every plan be adjusted to this great truth. Let every act receive a complexion from it. Let our social duties be discharged with reference to it, in the fear and love of God. Then sweet indeed will be our family fellowships here, and unutterably sweet our meeting above !



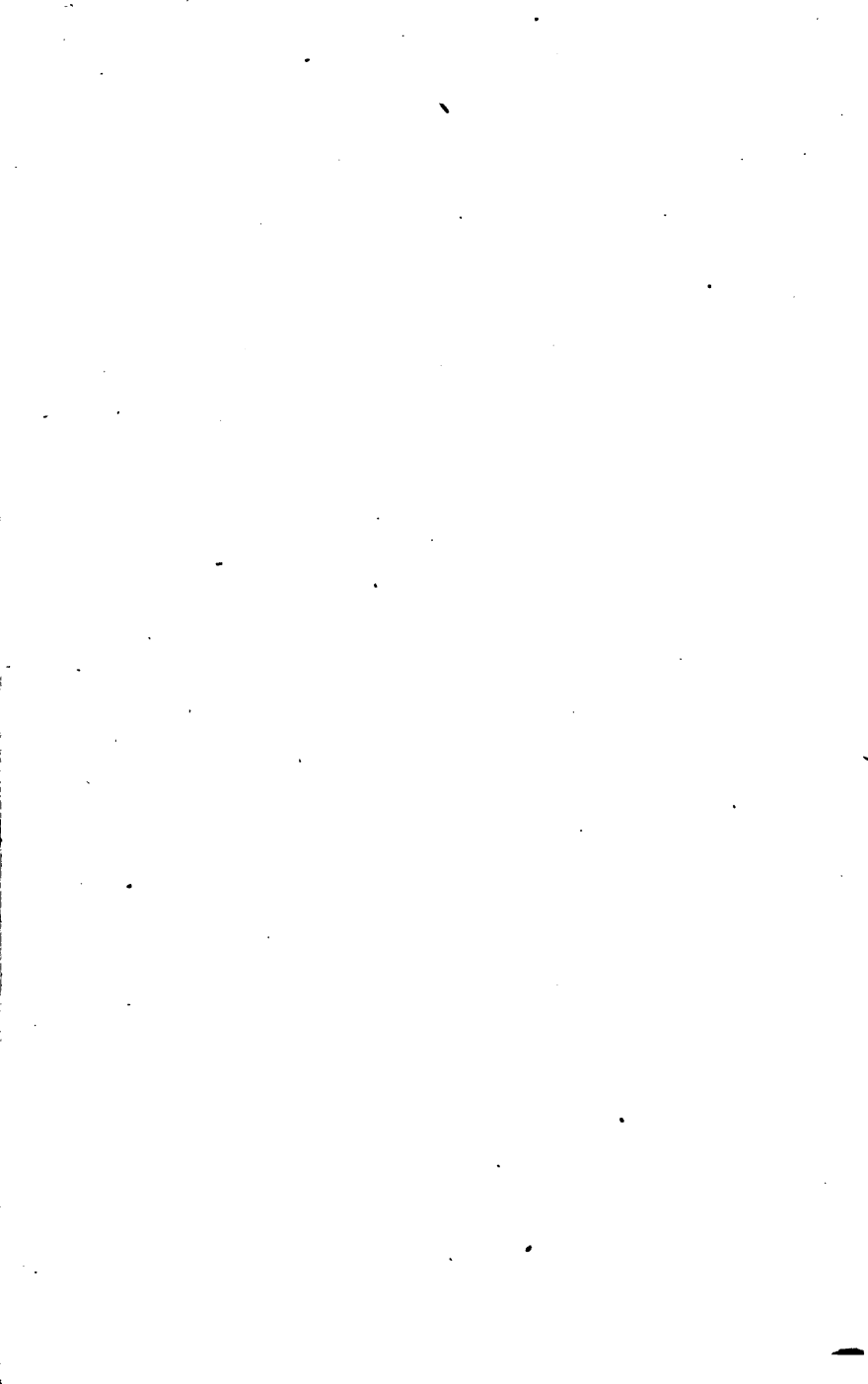
## IN MEMORIAM.

Died at Quincy, Thursday, Sept. 21, 1865, Herbert, youngest child of Rev. Edward P. and Susan M. Thwing. Taken ill the day of his grandmother's death, he died on the same day of the week, and on the same day of her funeral, three weeks later, was laid by her side. The oldest and the youngest of the family were not long separated. Two summers passed over his head, and he was taken to the land where endless summers smile. Rev. J. H. Means, of Dorchester, offered prayer at the house, 10 o'clock, Saturday morning, and the body was carried to the Chapel at Mount Auburn, where, at 2 P. M., Rev. S. P. Fay conducted the funeral exercises. - After reading selections of Scripture, he offered brief but touching remarks in reference to the circumstances of the departure of this cherished child, who passed from his father's study, where his last days were spent, peacefully and joyfully to his Father's house above, to be welcomed by one but lately admitted there, and by Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." After prayer, the remains were taken to their already consecrated resting place. Standing over his lowly bed, a few voices, led by that of his grandfather, sung to the tune of "Ward" the following hymn :

As the sweet flower that scents the morn,  
But withers in the rising day ;  
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,  
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

It died ere its expanding soul  
Had ever burned with wrong desires,  
Had ever spurned at heaven's control,  
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

It died to sin, it died to cares,  
But for a moment felt the rod :  
O mourner ! such, the Lord declares, —  
Such are the children of our God.



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